

Handwritten musical score, first system. The notation includes treble and bass staves with complex rhythmic patterns, including many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. Dynamic markings *p*, *f*, and *p* are present. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking is at the bottom left.

Handwritten musical score, second system. The notation includes treble and bass staves. Dynamic markings *mp* and *cresc* are visible. A large black diagonal barred area obscures the middle of the system.

Handwritten musical score, third system. The notation includes treble and bass staves. Dynamic markings *mp*, *p*, and *f* are visible. A large black diagonal barred area obscures the middle of the system.

Handwritten musical score, fourth system. The notation includes treble and bass staves. Dynamic markings *mp* and *sf* are visible. A large black diagonal barred area obscures the middle of the system.

Handwritten musical score, fifth system. The notation includes treble and bass staves. Dynamic markings *f*, *sf*, and *mf* are visible. A large black diagonal barred area obscures the middle of the system.

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Spring

Sometime or once, just a
quick now ago,
it seems, we were all
warm and safely
seated around our
calmly beautiful always,
and i remember if i sang
we would all louder than we would care
join in, and
i thought we would raise
the sky with our voices.

Somehow or why, just one
huge hop from then
it is, i am all
lost and rhymelessly
wondering about my
where the hell is always,
and i know if i sing
an echo, further than it
can know, comes back,
and i feel it plays my
soul with its loneliness.

Lisa McKinney



Lorry Park

It was one of those days
A blurred soft grey, tinged on the edges
with pink hinting white
Everything blends to
a fuzzy brown grey
and I
stumble on pebbles I
have seen
before.

Jessica Hughes

These days:

disappointments are no longer
few and far between.

And most amazing is
each time
they hurt with the
new-pain hurt
and you can't adapt to it.

It's worse when tired
leaves you
with no defenses
nothing to bounce-back
retaliate with

Everything is used up
in smiling
that the world
might never know

that you have
slipped
and your grip
on the ledge
has

loosened.

— Jessica Hughes

WHEN WE SPOKE

I

When we spoke the house awoke,
October's wind bullied the doors
and a blast blew them wide
Keys rang out of their locks and
the rooms were full of sea-light;
The woods were as brown as an owl
and the rain blew cold through the yard
that was flat on its back,
And my heartbone hurt like I had scaled
a hill.

II

Who are you in the broken room
who was born with a drawl in your mouth
and rocked when it stormed?
Who hangs beheaded, a ghost in bloom!
With lightening in your face, though
your young wounds never mended.
Now the room sounds with your whispering eyes
that break the grave
in the sea-colored calm;
And the tongue of the built-wind is praying
like a bell when death
scribbled the name of the secret child.

III

I have seen you, the size of a snail
in a field that was tackled by hills,
Your clay rattling on the bone
and the sun that wounds
borne naked-legged on your back.
I lose you in a turning through the corn
that gossips with the wind
As your plow stammered on a stone;
Your back weeps salt that feeds the sea
in the sun-gloved summer
And you spell your visions with your hands
as your heart marches through the iron fields.
Your image stung me awake
with a thump in the clouds,
and the voice of water beating the sand
was full of flying fish
And I watched with a starboard eye
as you went graveward over the hill
and into the deep sea.

Cathy Coxey

WHEN WE SPOKE

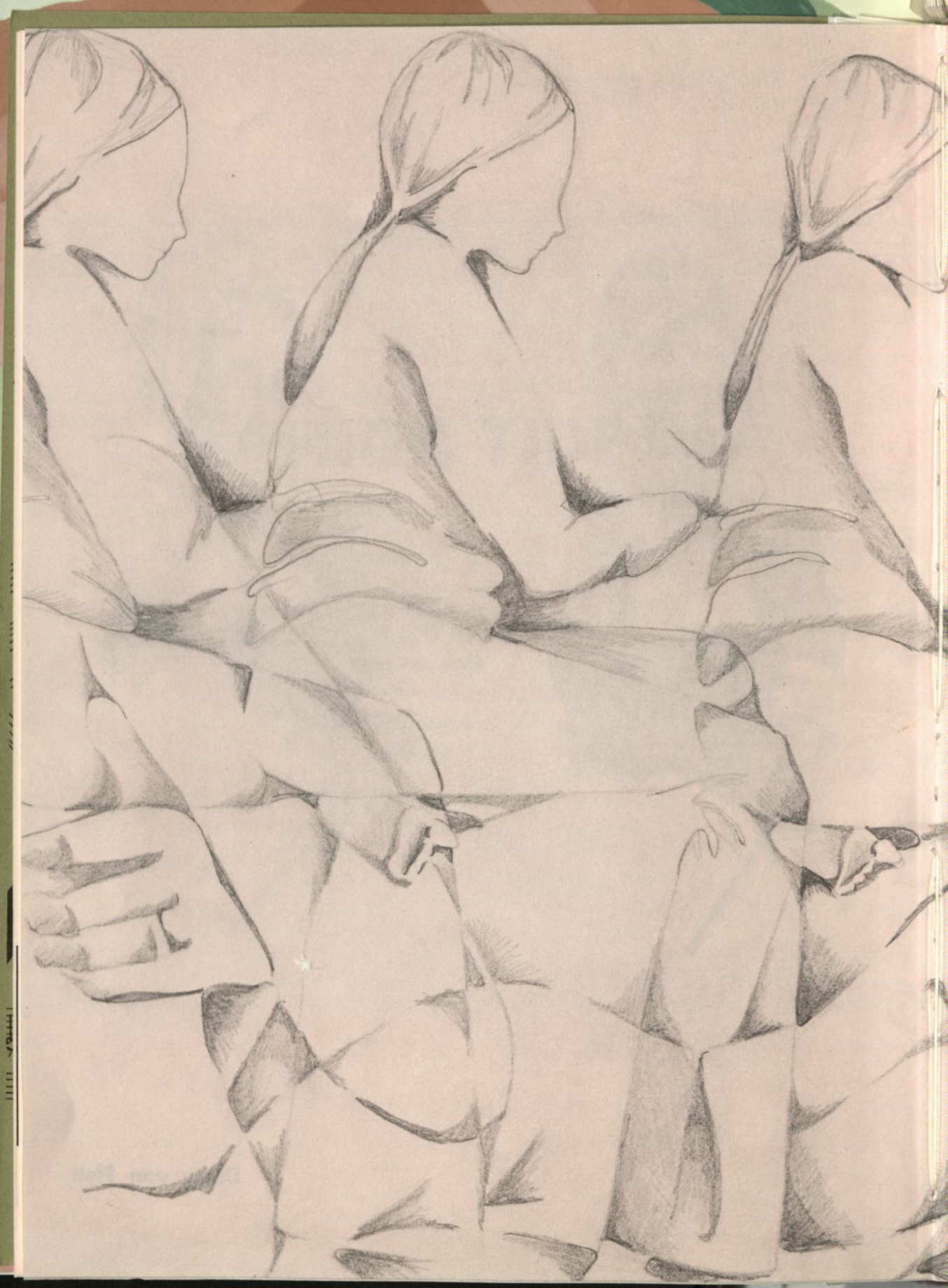
HIGH TIDE

People fluctuate
like the tide.
Yet they constantly
race back.
roaring waves seeking
familiar strips of beach
where they bump into
their old selves.

Sharron S. Mays



Cathy van Fleit





Andrea Tissier

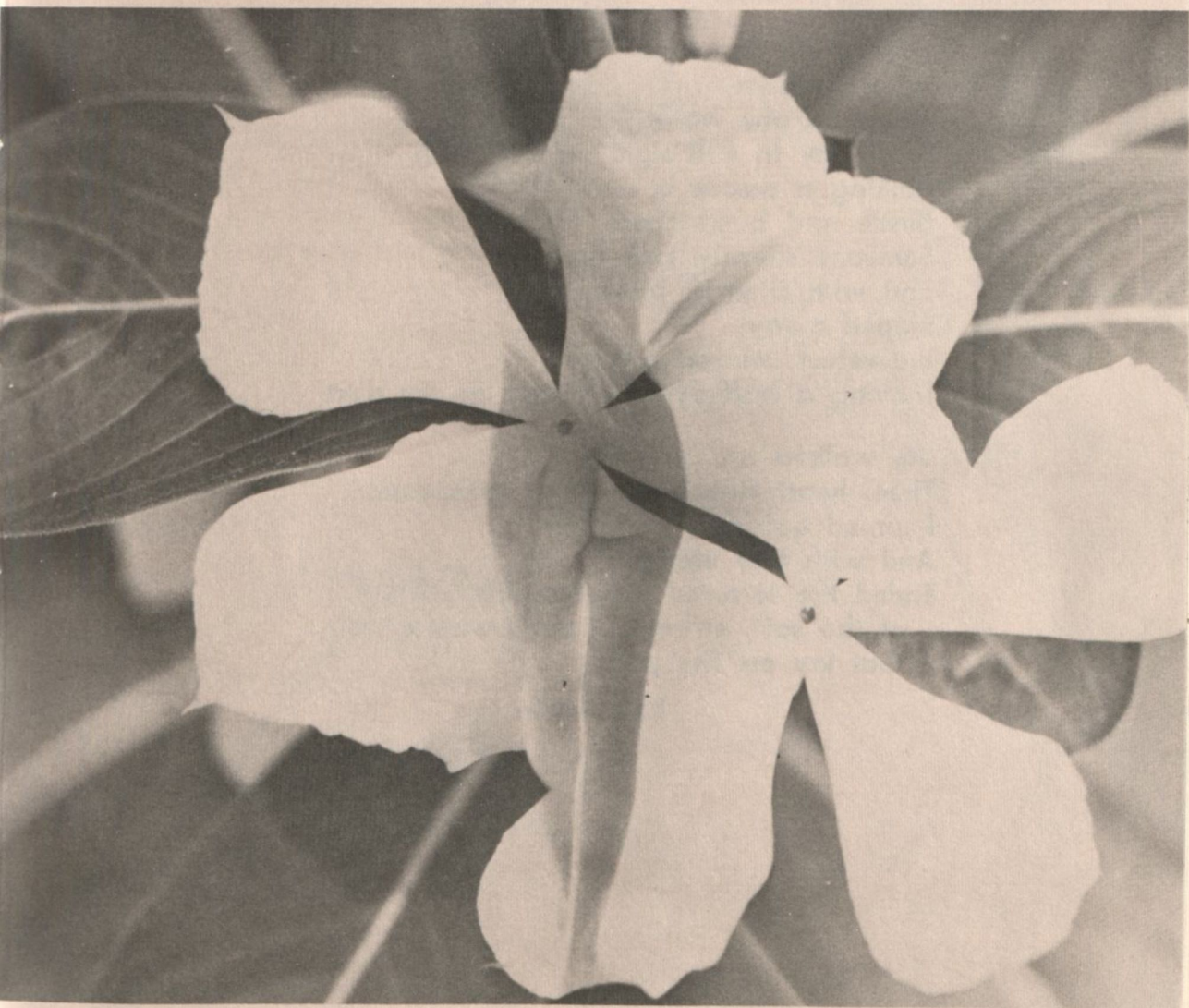
WHAT HAPPENS

I walked to the edge of a crevice looking for a bottom,
My foot slipped.
I grabbed for the protruding brown stones around the mouth
for support.
Hanging on desperately one friend reached down a hand to
pull me up.
My bloody hands too slick to hold
Let me drop.
Never bruising the stone wall my body floated
before and after me
The further I fell the faster I went down
The dark funnel narrowed as the sides flew past
And the Genesis grew smaller finally disappearing.

Judy Middleton

In the even, silver morning
I have seen a single stone
Shatter the splendor
Of a thousand reflections.

Licia Drinnon



Robert Everett

We found a butterfly resting—
so quiet and strange
and soft to the touch,
Moving its whisper-thin wings
Silently
up and down,
up and down,
doing no one harm.
But it lay in full sight on the path
Making a pause in our
hustle and bustle pace.
Someone silently took revenge
and with a swift move
Ripped away
the velvet colored wings—
Leaving a half-dying cylinder in the dust.

We walked on.
Then, heart filled with false compassion,
I turned quickly
And with one stomp
Ended the tortured wingless life
of the soft, strange, quiet creature
that lay on the path.

Beth Loflin



Lorry Park

SUNLIGHT

Sunlight breaking through fog
here am I sitting quietly
breaking through to my mind.

Mildred Coffey

DAWN

A pink flower
climbs
from the deep
of a full moon
spreads
and becomes
dawn.

Lisa McKinney

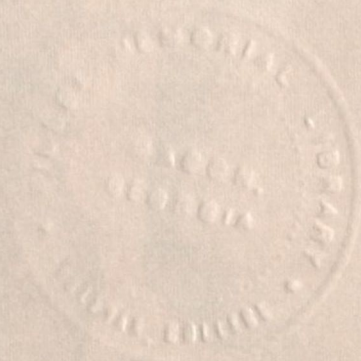
NO SMILES

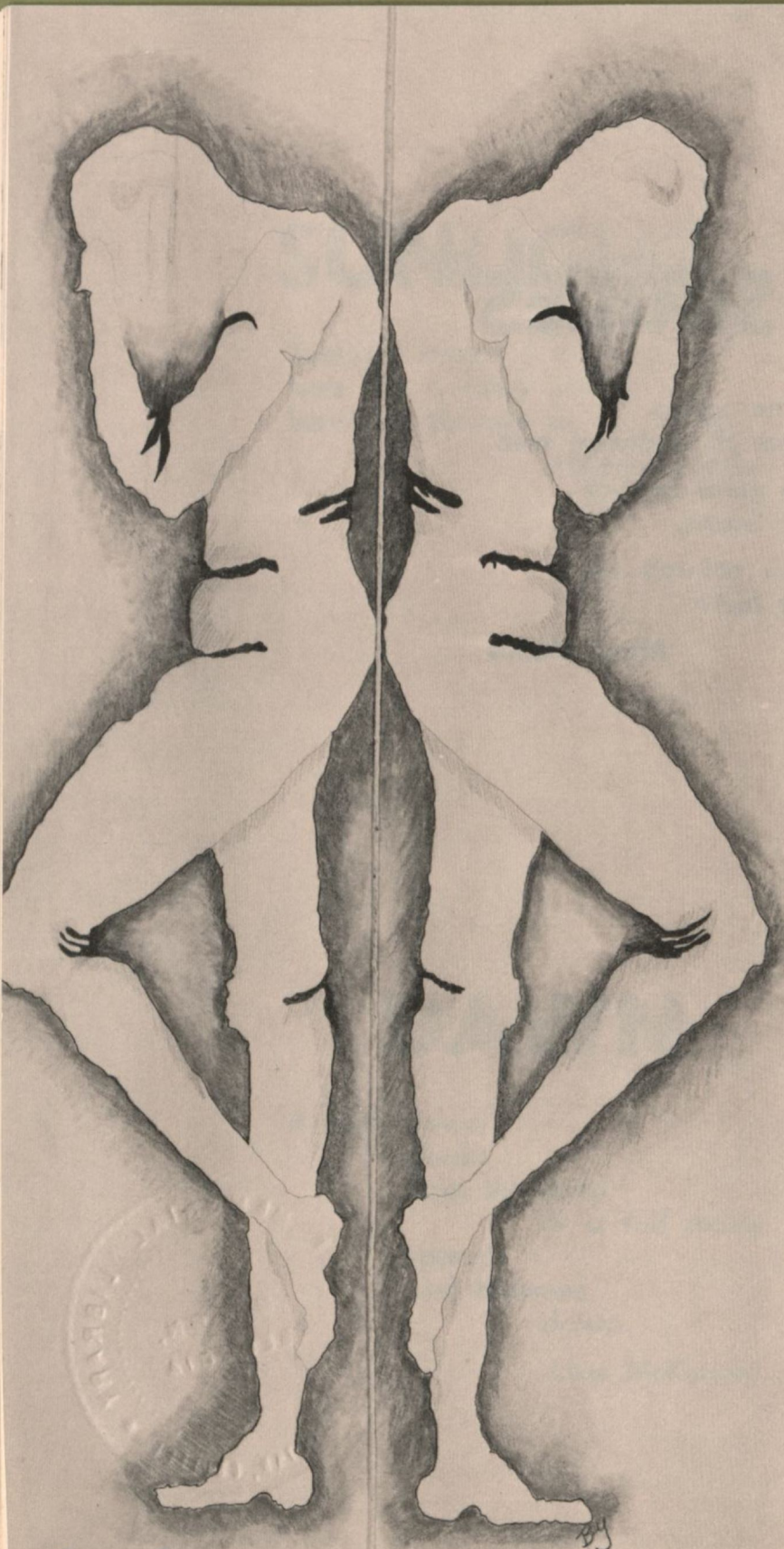
There are no smiles
on the faces of medieval men.

Does some great sorrow
pinch their hearts,

Or, do their pointed shoes
pinch their feet?

Mimi Mathis





Sharon Bey

DESIGNER: ANIMAGHARY LINE DRAWING BY SHARON BEY

DEATH SONG

XX

the ticking uses me up

ticking
telling of
touching

hold me down

earth to own me
hold me down

i am arms

around tight holding tree
with all my leaves
swirling to

somebody's mad music
beating me inside up
deep to ends of fingers

weep me out of your mother womb

put your mouth into this

tree

and scream me

out the pain

roots are down the

up

and

i there clinging am to dirt falling

Maude Laslie



Jane Bentley

LIGHT

Me and the candle . . . all alone
Standing on the eve of time.

Me and the candle . . . all alone
Spreading a dim light that is lost
in the darkness of the universe.

Here we are—

Sitting in our darkness
Searching within ourselves for answers
that I know we cannot find.

In the gentle breeze of dissent our light flickers
and here we sit . . . waiting . . .

Waiting for the guests of revolution to extinguish the light.

Smiling through salty tears

I know it will come

. . . and I have no matches left.

I blow out my candle
and wait . . . all alone

I wait for the final chaos to extinguish my flame.

jill gerber

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COVER:

Electronic Music Score

by Fred Coulter

Adapted by Jayne Bentley



Midway

I see the brides, dark folded in their arms
and flavored by the earth,
and bones of boys speaking as a swell
in the midnight nothing, who sucked
their fingers in the sun, their skulls
awake to dream, the second sleepers
tattered as they move across the yard of tombs.
Their kissproof mouths call out the warning ghosts,
who know the moon by name
but the stone cannot tell, nor the looking glass
nor the tongue of the rain;
Only heaven knows when they beat the bell
with metal breaths
and enter the earth like iron,
their shins are marrowed with my bone.

Cathy Coxey

Sunrise Sermon at the Seashore

Convoluted conch shell,
coming to me from
the cellar
of the sea,
you stare at me
from within
a complicated
world of coils.

I look at you
and realize:

I, too,
live in
a shell-world.

Hold me close,
and you can hear
the ocean cry.

Sharron Mays



Frog

listen to them screaming for rain
sky is heavy and dark
earless to green things and brown
screaming in the night

Rain Rain

heat grows and smothers
still no release
it did not rain yesterday
today nothing
tomorrow maybe
oh and tomorrow will be cool and clean
shining relief

listen to them screaming for rain
and I am heavy and dark
gone things and now
screaming in the night

Maude Laslie



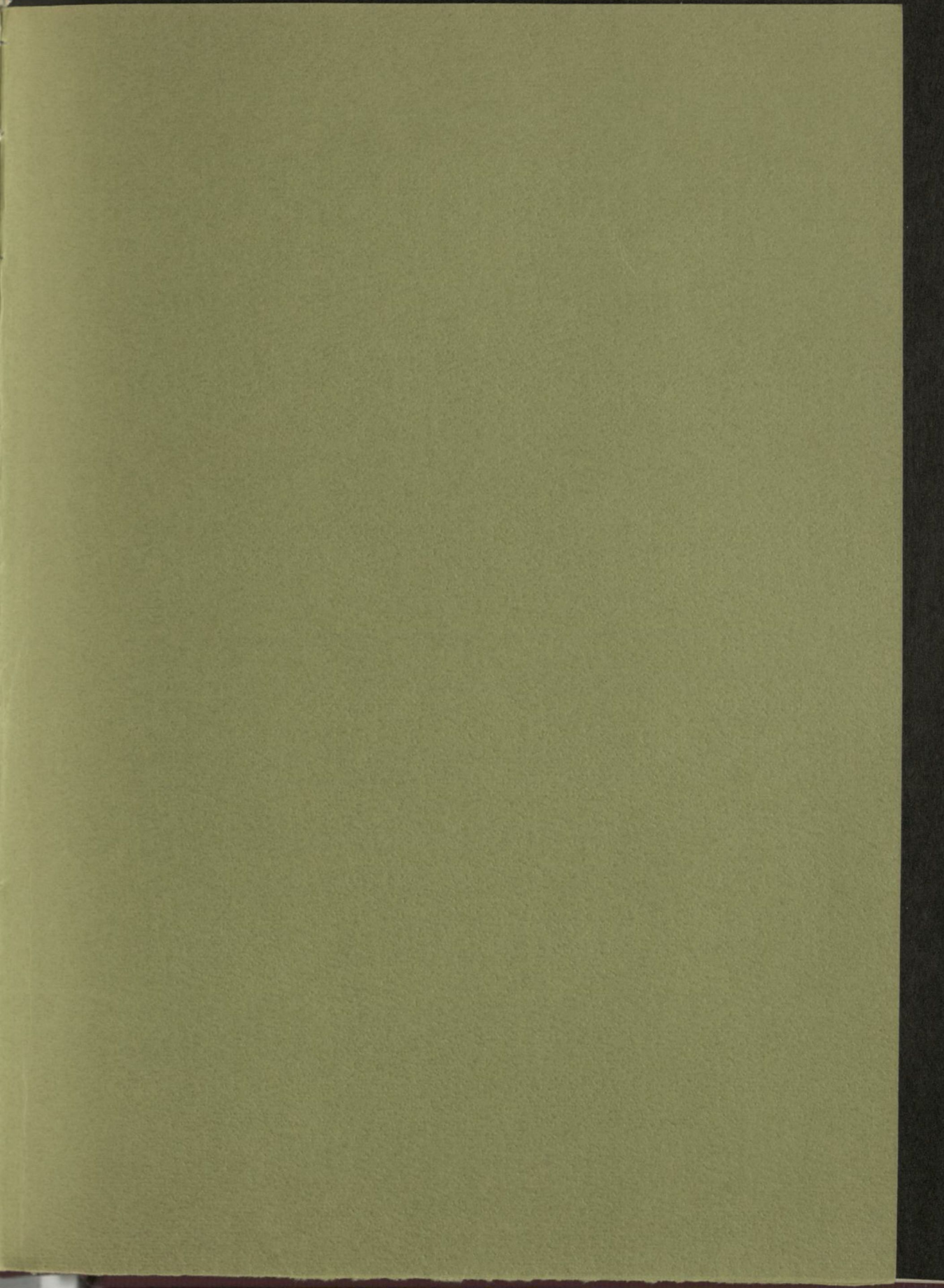


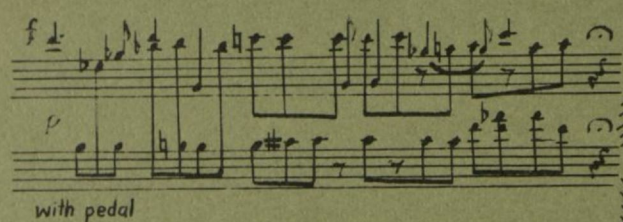
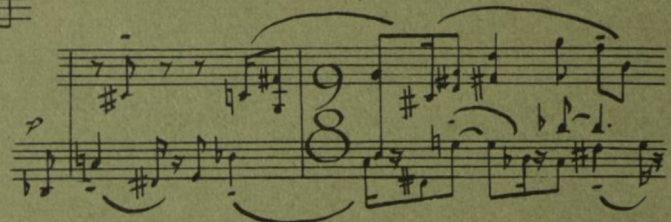
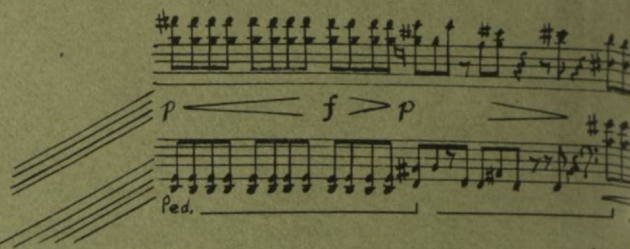
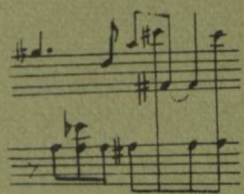
to BE or not to see

the real and unreal
slowly mix and stir my mind,
a cloud of dreams.
Voices slip into my brain
like soft fading shadows.
And the only thing real to me is touch;
so I Touch and Feel
and am not there.
Am I the same as me?

I close my eyes
to see
the mirror of my life,
a figure I do not know
clouding my mind.
Is that figure me?
The tip tap tap tip of passing feet...
I hear the sound
...and now it's real...
But the dream people I cannot see.
...soft...LOUD...soft
...
i is lost to ME.

Jill Gerber





with pedal

